



# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly  
Designed Expressly for the  
Education & Elevation  
of the Young



GEORGE Q. CANNON,  
EDITOR.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



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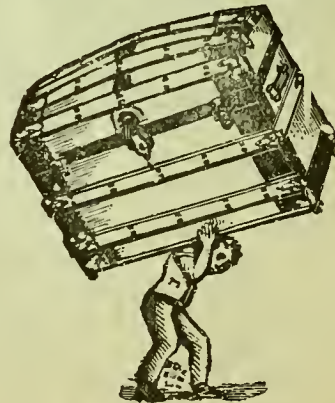
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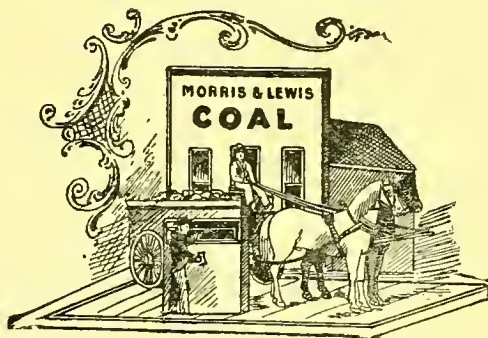


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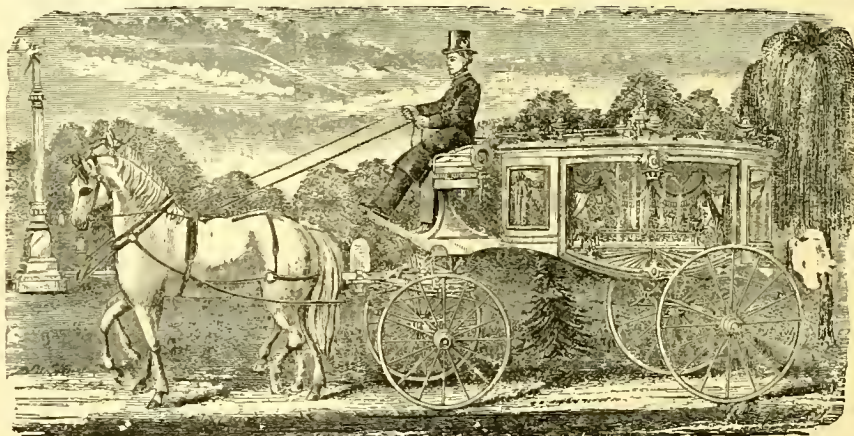
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## The Head and Throat.

This form of catarrh is most common—resulting from neglected colds—quickly cured with little cost by Dr. Shores' famous treatment.

Is the nose stopped up?  
Does your nose discharge?  
Is the nose sore and tender?  
Is there pain in front of head?  
Do you hawk to clear the throat?  
Is your throat dry in the morning?  
Do you sleep with your mouth open?  
You can be easily cured now—don't let it run into complications.

## The Bronchial Tubes.

When catarrh of the head and throat is neglected or wrongly treated it extends down the windpipe into the bronchial tubes and after awhile attacks the lungs. Quickly cured with little cost by Dr. Shores' famous treatment.

Have you a cough?  
Do you take cold easily?  
Have you a pain in the side?  
Do you raise frothy material?  
Do you cough in the mornings?  
Do you spit up little cheesy lumps?  
Do you feel you are growing weaker?  
Don't risk neglecting these warnings—stop the disease before it reaches the lungs?

## Of the Ears.

Catarrh extends from the throat along the eustachian tubes into the ears, causing partial or complete deafness. Quickly cured with little cost by Dr. Shores' famous treatment.

Is your hearing failing?  
Do your ears discharge?  
Is the wax dry in your ears?  
Do you hear better some days than others?  
Is your hearing worse when you have a cold?  
Don't neglect this until your hearing is irreparably destroyed. Doctor Shores can cure you now.

## Kidney Disease.

Results in two ways, by taking cold and by overworking the kidneys in separating from the blood the catarrhal poisons which affect all organs. Quickly cured with little cost by Dr. Shores' famous treatment.

Do your hands and feet swell?  
Is this noticed more at night?  
Is there pain in small of back?  
Has the perspiration a bad odor?  
Is there puffiness under the eyes?  
Do you have to get up often at night?  
Is there a deposit in urine if left standing?  
Don't neglect these signs and risk Bright's disease killing you. Cure it now.

## Liver Disease.

The liver is affected by catarrhal poisons extending from the stomach into the ducts of the liver. Quickly cured with little cost by Dr. Shores' famous treatment.

Do you get dizzy?  
Have you cold feet?  
Do you feel miserable?  
Do you get tired easily?  
Do you have hot flashes?  
Are your spirits low at times?  
Do you have rumbling in bowels?  
These are the seven simple signs indicating disease of the liver. If you have any or all of them, seek Doctor Shores now and be cured.

## Of the Stomach.

⚡ Catarrh of the stomach is usually caused by swallowing mucus which drops down from the head and throat at night. Quickly cured with little cost by Doctor Shores' famous treatment.

Is there nausea?  
Do you belch up gas?  
Are you constipated?  
Is your tongue coated?  
Do you bloat up after eating?  
Is there constant bad taste in the mouth?  
Now is the time to be permanently cured. Doctor Shores is curing hundreds every week.

## Of the Nerves.

Are you nervous?  
Have you no energy?  
Is your memory poor?  
Is there a feeling of unrest?  
Is your mind often confused?  
Do you often have a lump in your throat?  
Are your hands often wet with perspiration?  
These symptoms result when the disease poisons affect the nervous system. If you have any of them don't risk your health by neglect. Doctor Shores has cured hundreds—he can cure you.

Weakness of body or mind. Effects of errors or excesses. Unfortunate sufferers from these baneful and secret diseases have for years been the prey of human vultures in the garb of physicians who extort exorbitant fees for empty promises. If you are one of these unfortunate sufferers, don't risk falling into the hands of these unscrupulous traders upon human suffering who not only have no ability, but no name, no responsibility, no credentials, but go at once to Dr. G. W. Shores, the "People's Doctor." The man whom all our home people know and respect, whose home is here among you, who is responsible and capable and willing to help you to health and happiness. Remember that when you go to Dr. Shores it costs you nothing to consult him. Tell him all your troubles, dispense with confidence and get his expert advice free.

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# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

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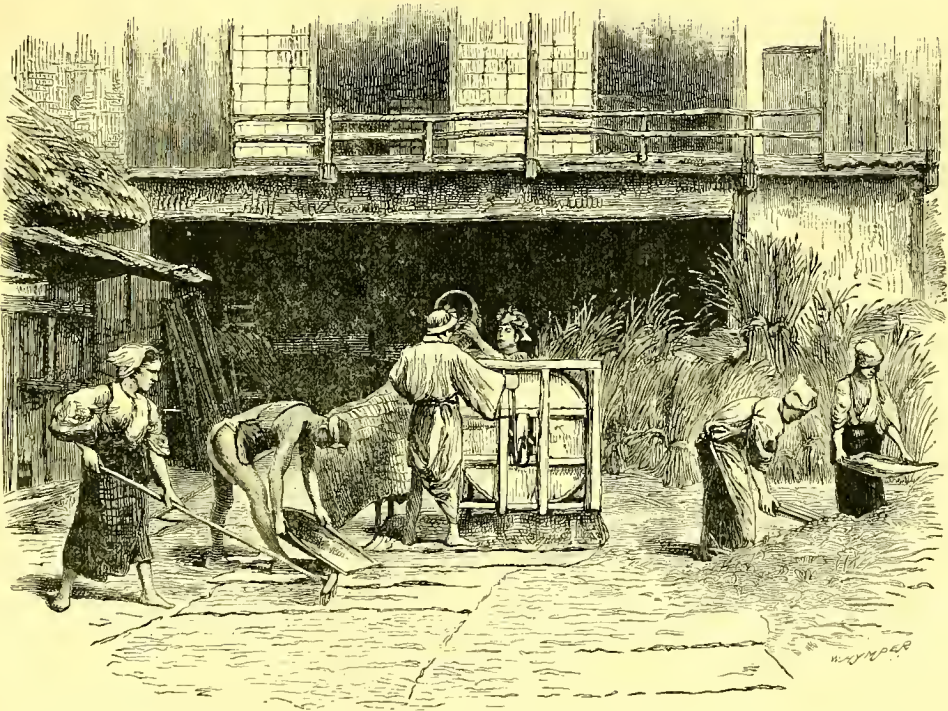
SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 1, 1896.

No. 7.

## RICE PRODUCTION.

Were it not for the peculiar dress and features of the people in the enclosed engraving, we might suppose that they were residents of some of the agricul-

ture people are engaged in winnowing rice, that very useful article of diet which is so well known to all the people of Utah. The work people are inhabitants of China who are thus engaged.



CLEANING RICE.

tural regions of the United States, where primitive methods of farming prevail, for we see the grain lying around in bundles on the floor, indicating that it is being cleansed by threshing and winnowing. The fact is, however, that

China is perhaps the greatest rice producing country in the world; indeed, it is said that this plant was first raised in China, from whence it has spread to India, Japan, Australia and other tropical countries. It is claimed in evidence

of this statement that 2800 years B. C. a ceremonial existed in China in which the emperor once each year sowed rice himself, and invoked at the same time the blessing of his God upon the crops of his people. The rice of China is larger than that of India. There are two general kinds—the white rice, which is the better quality and is known principally to us, and the red or coarser quality. The seed is first sown in a small patch of ground which has been thoroughly pulverized and then soaked with water. After a very few days the bright green plants are transferred to fields, and placed about eight or nine inches apart. The seed, however, is first soaked in liquid manure to promote its growth, as well as to make it obnoxious to insects.

About mid-summer the plants begin to turn yellow, which is an indication that the grain is nearly ripe, whereupon the fields are drained, and by the end of June or the beginning of July the crop is ready to harvest. With a sickle or crooked knife the tufts of grain are cut and bound in bundles. They are then taken to the threshing floors, where a flail is commonly used for threshing the stocks. The winnowing machine which is used is almost exactly like those we have, thus leading to the belief that we borrowed this useful invention from the Chinese.

A second crop of rice is generally obtained, the ground being immediately prepared after the first gathering. The second crop is usually harvested in November. The same ground usually produces another crop of quick growing vegetables, as the Chinese cannot afford to allow any part of their land which can be in any way reclaimed to remain unused, nor do they allow it to rest a single day more than is absolutely neces-

sary. With their almost perfect system of manuring, and in other ways replenishing the soil, is it alone made possible for the vast hordes of Chinese to live in their comparatively small country.

In recent years there has been developed a rice plant that will grow upon the hill sides, but this quality is not considered as good as that which is grown on the low lands, where alluvial deposits so greatly enrich the soil.

A large quantity of rice is used for producing spirituous drinks, and in Japan the national beverage, sake, is obtained from this grain.

Rice is a very healthful food, though of a farinaceous character, and requires to be combined with fatty or nitrogenous substances to meet the requirements of the human system. C.

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#### CHURCH SCHOOL PAPERS.—SERIES II., NO. 5.

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL BOARD OF  
EDUCATION, APRIL 1st, 1896.

*General Superintendent's visits—Oneida Stake Academy.*—In compliance with previous appointments I arrived at Preston, Idaho, Friday, February 21st, and the same day had the privilege of attending a faculty meeting of the Stake Academy. The faculty is composed of Elders John E. Dally, Principal Academic, Joseph G. Nelson, Intermediate, Ezra F. Wooley, Preparatory, Miss Carrie Parkinson, Primary, and Professor Edwards, music. The reports of the Principal and teachers, and the condition of the records of the Academy were exceedingly satisfactory, and President Geo. Parkinson, as well as other members of the Board present, expressed themselves in terms of approval of the condition of the Academy, and the labors of the faculty. There are nearly



300 students in attendance at present. The Board and Faculty are prepared to apply to the General Board for a high school charter, and commence such courses at the beginning of the next academic year. The Academy building is one of the finest school buildings in the state of Idaho. It is surrounded by beautifully laid out grounds, crossed by gravel walks lined with trees, and the whole square is fenced in. Stables and sheds for the horses, and vehicles of the students are in course of erection, as many students have to come to school daily from long distances. President Geo. Parkinson and his associates in the Board deserve much credit for their good judgment and untiring perseverance in overcoming the momentous difficulties at first besetting their enterprise. The exercises in the Academy, as witnessed by me, reflected creditably upon teachers and students, and the prospects of this institution are exceedingly bright for the future.

*Oneida County Teachers' Institute.*—By special invitation I had the honor of addressing the district school teachers of Oneida County, at Weston, Saturday, February 22nd, 9.30 p.m. Subject: The teacher and his relationship to the family and the public.

*Brigham Young College, Logan.*—On my return from Preston, Monday, February 24th, it was my privilege to meet with the faculty of the college at 4 p. m. The Faculty is composed of Professors Wm. J. Kerr, B. S. D. B; President; Douglass M. Todd, James H. Linford, Jacob F. Miller, Geo. L. Swendsen, S. B., Daniel F. Miller, James A. Langton, B. L., Josiah E. Hickman, B. S., Bishop Orson F. Whitney, and four assistant instructors. It appeared from the proceedings at the meeting, that in consequence of the

overcrowded condition of the college the Board had approved of the plans for additional buildings, and concluded to commence the erection of some of them without delay, so that they could be used for college purposes at the beginning of the next collegiate year. The arrangement of the curriculum, the completeness of the records, and the spirit and general efficiency of the students testify unequivocally of the wise management of President Kerr and the efficiency of his co-laborers. The Brigham Young College exercises an influence for good throughout all the regions of Northern Utah, Idaho, and Wyoming.

*Bear Lake Stake Academy, Paris, Idaho.*—I arrived at Paris, Idaho, Wednesday, February, 26th, and found the Stake Academy temporarily piled into the second ward meeting house. There are poor accommodations as regards room, furniture, and utensils. This academy has been somewhat under a cloud for several years, but thanks to President Wm. Budge and his co-laborers in the Board, the institution has not been suffered to collapse entirely. In response to the request of President Budge, Elder Emil Maeser was recommended to him as Principal of the Academy. The latter thereupon took charge of the institution immediately after his return from a mission in Europe. He is assisted by his wife Sister Lillian Maeser, who takes charge of the Primary, Ladies Department, and Physical Culture. Elder E. Maeser has succeeded in reviving the educational interest in Bear Lake Stake. The Academy has been filled to overflowing with students of all grades notwithstanding the poor accommodations. In the meeting of the Stake Board, held at the Tithing office, Paris, Thursday, February 27th, it was developed, that

Elder J. Stucki, of Paris, had donated to the Board a four acre city lot for the purpose of having an academy building erected thereon; the Board decided to proceed with the building as soon as the weather will allow, so as to have the building ready for occupancy at the beginning of the next academic year. The expenses will be covered by donations for which subscription lists will be opened. Several very creditable plans are now before the Board.

*Bannock Stake Academy, Rexburg, Idaho.*—I arrived at Rexburg, Wednesday, March 4th, and attended the Academy in the afternoon. The old Rexburg meeting house has been fitted up for educational purposes as suitably as circumstances allowed. There are two recitation rooms besides the general assembly room which is divided by a movable curtain, so as to separate the Academic and Intermediate grades, while the primaries, and the Sunday school normals occupy the other two rooms. The Faculty consists of Elders George Cale, Principal; Bishop Edmund Z. Carbine, Intermediate; Elder Willard Johnson, Sunday School Normals, and Miss Josephine Turner, Primaries. It is with deep regret that I have to record the withdrawal of Elder Charles N. Watkins from the educational field on account of severe indisposition. Brother Watkins, the former principal of this Academy, has rendered his successor all possible assistance as long as his failing health would permit. It is to be hoped that some other sphere of activity more suitable to his physical condition, and in accordance with his many accomplishments will soon be open for him. Brother George Cole has worked up the Academy to its present flourishing condition in the face of many difficulties. In these endeavors he has

been faithfully seconded by all his collaborators. The records of the Academy, and the reports of the teachers at the Faculty meeting, as well as my own observations during my attendance at the various class exercises reflect much credit upon that institution.

*Religion Classes—Referring to the Religion.*—Class exercises given by me in various places, as reported in Church School Papers, No. 3 and 4, I consented after frequent requests from other Stake authorities to give similar exercises in the public meetings during my recent circuit through Oneida, Bear Lake, and Bannock Stakes of Zion. They were held as follows: Preston, Sunday, February 23rd; St. Charles, Thursday, February 27th; Liberty, Friday, February 28th; Ovid, Saturday, February 29th; Paris, Sunday, March 1st, at 2 p.m.; and the same day at Bloomington at 7:30 p.m.; Parker Ward in Bannock Stake, Friday, March 6th, at 10 a.m.; and on the same day near St. Anthony at 2 p.m.; Rexburg, Monday, March 10th, at 2 p.m. and Lewisville, same day at 8:30; Pocatello, Tuesday, March 11th.

Stake Board meetings in the interest of Religion Classes were held at Preston, Saturday, February 22nd, at 2 p.m. President Geo. Parkinson presiding. Elder John E. Dalley, Stake Superintendent reported the work in rather a lingering condition, but expected a vigorous revival from now on.

The Cache Stake Board of Education met in Logan, Tuesday, February 26th, at 10 a.m.; President Orson Smith presiding. Stake Superintendent Elder Daniel T. Miller, reported 125 Religion Class Instructors laboring in Cache Valley, and expected a steady increase in the number of classes, instructors, pupils, and thoroughness of the work.



The Stake Presidency and Superintendency of Cache Stake deserve the highest praise for the appreciation of this great work and their earnest devotion in its execution.

The Board of Education of Bannock Stake of Zion met in the Tithing office at Rexburg, Friday, March 6th, at 7:30 p.m. President Thos. E. Ricks presiding. Elder Chas. N. Watkins as Stake Superintendent of Religion Classes stated that Religion Classes would be organized in every Ward throughout the Stake, and President Ricks endorsed energetically the movement. He had taken me around to the places already mentioned, and had witnessed the exercises, at each occasion urging the people to avail themselves of the benefits derived from the training in these classes.

*Records and Reports.*—The Presidents and Principals of Church Colleges, Academies, and Seminaries were all reminded of our standing rule, that none of them can honorably close the school year without seeing that all records required to be kept according to Gen. Circ. No. 7, page 17, are straightened up to date, and that all statistical reports are sent to the office of the General Superintendent on or before June 30th. Blanks for statistical reports will be forwarded to all church schools before May 1st.

*Notice.*—The General Board of Education has been informed that so-called "College Yells" have been introduced into some of our Church schools. The General Board does not consider such, and similar boisterous demonstrations in harmony with the spirit that should characterize the growth of Zion, and desires, therefore, that the Boards and Faculties in our Church School Organization will discountenance such unbecoming habits in the future.

*Licenses.*—It will be impossible for

the General Superintendent to make a correct statistical report to the General Board<sup>1</sup> at the next annual meeting, if the statistical reports are not complete, or are not on hand in proper time, or if teachers without licenses would not have reported to me as requested in Church School Papers, No. 4.

By order of the General Board of Education.

*Dr. Karl G. Maeser, Gen. Supt.*

#### A VISITOR FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.

IT was some time during the seventies. Diphtheria was raging in the county of Sanpete. Among the great number of people afflicted with this terrible disease, many were compelled to yield submission to its deadly requirements.

One case in particular I must necessarily refer to in order to more fully express myself in the narrative I here wish to relate.

A resident of Ephraim City, in the above-mentioned county, by the name of Paul Paulson, was one among many others compelled to battle against the awful disease. Several of his family were bedfast, and after some time of great suffering, he lost his eldest son, a boy about ten or twelve years of age.

Among the many sympathizers of the bereaved family were two small boys, maternal and paternal cousins to the deceased. The two boys being so closely related to the deceased, yet comparatively young and incapable of fully realizing their situation, considered well the conditions of this life and the certainty of the life to come.

One day, while sitting under an apple tree in the writer's garden, conversing upon the real existence of an immortal life beyond this, different ideas were suggested as the talk between the boys

went on. One was, "That in order to better know the real condition of those spirits who have been taken from this world to a spirit world would be to have a talk with some messenger or witness from that place." Having been taught from their earliest recollection that all men must sooner or later pass beyond this life to another world, the two boys took hold of hands, and one said to the other: "Let us enter into an agreement that, if it is possible, the one of us who dies first shall come and tell the other his condition in the spirit world." This, a verbal yet solemn contract, was agreed upon, a third boy, by the name of Joseph Hansen, being witness. Time went on, and the covenant was gradually forgotten.

In July, 1883, the writer returned from his last mission to Denmark. Six weeks later, the 1st day of September in the same year, his eldest son, who was one of the boys mentioned above, died, being then seventeen years, eleven months, and nineteen days old. The writer knew nothing of the contract the boys had entered into until a few months ago, when a rumor came from some one that P. C. Anderson had talked with my son who had died, "Toney," as he was called, his name being Anton.

Knowing Anderson to be a truthful and strictly upright man in all his sayings and actions among his fellow-laborers, I went to him and inquired regarding the matter.

I asked him if he had seen and talked with Anton, my son, since he had died. He answered as follows, as near as I can remember:

"Yes. It was about nine months after Anton's death. I was watering one day south-west of town. Having changed my water. I walked a short distance over to the road, where I sat

down, partly lying or reclining on my side. While in that position, and looking straight in the direction I was facing, I saw Toney walking right up to me, as naturally as I ever saw him in my life. Not having the least fear, and entirely forgetting myself at the moment, I said: 'Why, Toney, I thought you were dead.'

"He looked me straight in the face and answered: 'Don't you remember our agreement?'

"Hesitatingly, I said 'Yes, but I thought you were dead.'

"He more sternly inquired again: 'Don't you remember our agreement?'

"A third time I remarked, 'Yes, but I thought you were dead. Then how came you here, and what are your conditions?' I added.

"'If it had not been for that agreement,' he answered, 'I should not have been permitted to come here. It has been very difficult and hard for me to come. I am very busy, have a great deal to do; and my conditions are more excellent than you are able to comprehend.'

"At that very moment he disappeared before my eyes, apparently being in a great hurry."

After the latter statement I inquired of Anderson whether or not he was asleep at the time here spoken of, and if he had talked to anyone else about this matter. His second testimony, fully as reliable as the first, was to the effect that he was not asleep, but as wide awake as I was at the time he spoke.

Now I am afraid there are many people, even among the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, who consider the validity of such impossible. As for me, I could not have believed it any stronger had I seen and heard it with my own eyes and ears. Anderson today has a family,



and is a very prominent man in the community where he lives, ready at all times to bear testimony, not only to the above statement, but also to the truthfulness of the gospel of Christ as revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith in this day and age.

*A. C. Nielson.*

### TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

#### BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WRITE.

AMONG the many wise counsels which the Prophet Joseph Smith gave to his brethren and to the world, one was, never to commit anything to paper in correspondence that could be communicated orally, or that if written would not bear publication. This counsel the Elders of our Church and our people generally should follow; in fact, it would be better for everybody to remember it, and never put in writing that which they would be ashamed to see in print. There has been no end of trouble through carelessness in these respects. When a person has committed to writing that which should not be said it is difficult and in some cases impossible to recall it. Words spoken are heard and sometimes remembered in a way to produce unpleasant results; but that danger is insignificant compared with that which attends the committing of things to writing that should not be said.

There is a recent illustration of this which adds great force to the wisdom of the counsel of the Prophet upon this subject. Cardinal Manning was an eminent minister of the Church of England, but afterwards joined the Roman Catholic church, and was subsequently elevated to the position of cardinal in that church. He was a very influential man, not only in Great Britain, but through-

out the Catholic Church and was highly esteemed by people of other denominations as well as his own. About four years ago he died. Before his death all his diaries, journals, and autobiographical notes passed into the possession of a gentleman named Edmund Sheridan Purcell. This was the Cardinal's wish and will, expressly for the purpose of this bishop writing his biography. This gentleman has written and published a biography of the Cardinal. Since its publication a great outcry has been raised against it, especially by the Catholic papers and dignitaries of the Catholic Church. It is said that Mr. Purcell's treatment of his subject is altogether too candid, and that he tells too much, and a great amount of feeling has been produced in consequence of it; in fact, criticism is raging.

Another English Cardinal, Vaughan, has written in the *Nineteenth Century Magazine* upon the subject with unusual force and feeling. He says that the publication of this Life is almost a crime. He feels sure that Cardinal Manning would rather that his right hand had been cut off, or that he had suddenly been struck dead, than that many of the documents which fill this work should have been published. He further says that it is simply inconceivable that Manning could ever have "intended his spiritual struggles and confessions, the record of his own impressions, criticisms and judgments on men and measures many of them still in the process of solution, together with private and personal letters and notes dealing with the faults real or imaginay of others and with matters the most contentious to be gathered together and launched back on the stormy sea he had left behind the moment he himself had set foot upon the eternal shore."

But the feeling concerning the publication of this biography is not confined to the Catholic Church; its publication has caused a commotion in Methodism. It seems that a prominent Methodist minister, one of the leaders of that denomination, wrote a letter to Cardinal Manning, in which he alludes in very strong language to another prominent Methodist minister and editor—Hugh Price Hughes. This has raised a great commotion and, as a matter of course, Mr. Hughes feels deeply hurt and offended at these expressions of his fellow-minister, and does not hesitate to say so in his paper.

In speaking of this one of the papers quotes, "Whatsoever ye have said in darkness shall be heard in the light; and what ye have spoken in the ear in the inner chambers shall be proclaimed upon the housetops."

Cardinal Manning's character is likely to suffer from this publication. His biography says that for years he spoke with a double voice—or, as our Indian friends would say, with two tongues; one time proclaiming in public certain views which he professed to entertain, but in private saying things which were in direct opposition to those views.

Among others who express themselves as having been deceived by Cardinal Manning, is the famous English statesman Mr. Gladstone. He has been surprised beyond measure by that which he has learned from these letters of Cardinal Manning's that are now published. He expresses himself to the effect that the information which he has thus gathered is most startling, for which he was quite unprepared. In all their correspondence and conversations during an intimacy which extended over many years, Gladstone says Manning never once led him to believe that he entertained views which

from his letters now published he evidently did believe. Gladstone appears to think that if Manning was not insincere, at least he was not simple and straightforward. The appearance is that he was, for a while at least, playing a double part.

This biography illustrates very clearly how important it is for men not to write that which they do not wish published, or which if published would make them blush. Cardinal Manning is dead; but the Methodist minister whose letter now appears is still living, and he does not feel very comfortable to have one of his letters produced in which he calls another eminent co-laborer in the ministry a Methodist "firebrand."

It would be well for the young men and young women who read his article to remember the wise counsel which the Prophet gave, and avoid putting things on paper that should not be published or that, if published, would make them appear in a bad light.

*The Editor.*

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## A PIMA WAIF,

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### CHAPTER I.

WE called him Chip, which is rather a queer name to give a boy, I will admit. Yet it seemed to fit my hero very well, and I doubt if we could have found one that would have suited him better. To tell the truth, I believe he cared very little about his name, anyway, though he seemed to like it or dislike it according to the purpose you had in using it.

If mother went to the door and called "Chi-ip" when dinner was on the table he never failed to appear quickly, with his brown face wreathed in a pleasant smile. His name always pleased him at



noon, but when the stove-wood ran low, or water was needed on washdays, or the cows were to be driven up from the pasture, then you might call "Chi-ip" until you were hoarse. If he appeared at all, his face wore a scowl that would have become one of his wild ancestors, when meeting an enemy on the warpath. There was no doubt that he disliked his name then.

Chip's mother, a Pima squaw, crawled into our stable one stormy January night and died there. Father found her when he went to feed the horses in the early morning; and he found Chip also, curled up in one corner of old Major's stall, and sleeping as soundly as though the death of a mother was an everyday occurrence with him.

Major had followed the guidons in a cavalry regiment for some years, and he hated an Indian. Father used to say it was because Major did not like the way they smelled, and I have seen him run at them with open mouth if they came too close to him when he was loose. But when the little savage was found in the old troop horse's stall, without a scratch or a bruise about him, I lost faith in father's theory. I am sure Chip had not had his face washed since he was born, not to mention such a thing as a bath all over; and he smelled bad enough to have justified Major in kicking him clear out of the stable.

We buried Chip's mother at the foot of a tall pine tree in the canyon, and the little orphan was adopted into the family, with restrictions, and he became a permanent feature of life on the ranch.

He was about three years old at that time and we got along very well with him at first. He learned English nicely, though he liked best to talk Spanish, which almost all Arizona Indians understand.

Chip had a thousand generations of savage ancestors behind him, however, and they proposed to have something to say about the way in which he behaved himself. Their ideas about the best way to bring up children were different from ours, and they soon told us so,—through Chip.

The first outbreak came when he was between five and six years old. Mother had made him a pair of knee pants and Chip was was a very prond little Indian when he put them on for the first time.

"They seem to be a rather tight fit," said father, as some of the stitches popped the first time Chip sat down in them.

"Yes, they are a little tight: but they'll stretch some after he has worn them a few days," mother replied.

Whether she was right in regard to those particular panties we never knew, for when Chip came in to dinner we discovered that he had invented a way to give them "slack" which was entirely effective, and which nobody but an Indian would have thought of.

"Chip, what have you been doing to your pants?" mother asked, angrily.

"Pants fit to much; me mend 'em" he blandly replied.

The mending had been accomplished by ripping open the outside seams the full length of the garment. He had then punched holes, in pairs, from the waistband down. Through these he had run strings and knotted them, but so loosely that a good three inches of brown skin showed along the whole length of the parted seam.

"Chip, I have a great mind to whip you," father said, sternly, though there was a twinkle in his eye which showed that he was not quite as angry as he pretended to be. "No white boy would

think of spoiling his clothes in that way.

"Me no white boy, me Pima. Injun no like white boy pants, 'cause 'em fit too much for sit down," he retorted in a way that sent us all into a fit of laughter.

Chip disliked knives, forks and spoons quite as much as he did tight pants. We tried our best to teach him that it was not polite to eat with his fingers, but he cared nothing for good manners. The moment he felt sure that nobody was watching him, down went his hand into his plate, first one then the other, and the food was bolted with a rapidity that an ostrich might have envied.

His greatest delight was to be with the horses and I believe they soon came to like him better than any other person on the ranch. Major was his favorite, and he spent hours in the old horse's stall, petting him, smoothing his mane and tail, and calling him by all the tender names he could think of, both in Spanish and English.

Chip did not like mules, but we did not know it until we heard a great noise of kicking and stamping in the stable one day. Father stole softly to the stable door and peeped in; then he stepped into the harness room and came out with the buggy whip. That was a sure sign that Chip was in some serious mischief. There was silence in the stable for a moment, then father appeared, leading the little Pima by the ear, and we found out what kind of a prank he had been up to.

Kitty and Bess, our span of mules, occupied a double stall near the door. Chip had climbed to a rafter above them and he was amusing himself by poking their ears, ribs and flanks with a long pole, the end of which he had sharpened to a fine point. When father

appeared on the scene, the little rascal was almost bursting with silent mirth at their antics under the torture, while the poor mules were almost frantic and kicked wildly at the sides of the stall and at each other.

Poor Chip. The buggy whip was applied that day in earnest, and he sat down to supper a sadder and, perhaps, a better boy.

The first important service Chip rendered the family happened when he was eleven years old, and it gave him a reputation for courage such as even a man grown might be proud to possess.

The part of Arizona where he lived was very rugged and wild. Bears, mountain lions and wolves were numerous in the hills round about us, and father once shot a bear less than half a mile from the house. As for those cheeky little thieves the coyotes, they carried off mother's chickens from under her very nose; and anything eatable, even harness, was not safe from their sharp little teeth if left out after dark.

In the early part of November father's business called him to the railroad. Dick, my only brother, was away at college; and mother, my baby sister and I were left, with Chip as our only protector.

During the afternoon of the second day after father had left, I took a pail and started for the spring, which flowed out of a rocky hillside some distance above the house. A line of pipe led the water almost to the door, but we always imagined it to be sweeter and cooler if we carried it from the spring itself.

The path to the spring led past the stable. I had just turned the corner of that building when a big cinnamon bear waddled awkwardly out from behind the spring house, stopped, and began to



look around as coolly as though he owned the ranch.

I was lucky enough to see him before he saw me and I dodged quickly back behind the corner of the stable. I was badly frightened by the thought of how narrowly I had escaped meeting him at the spring.

He could not possibly see me in my hiding place, and as it was only a few steps back to the house, I felt that it would be safe for me to watch him for a little while. I never had seen a live bear before; but Dick had seen one in a trap and he boasted of it accordingly. Here was my chance to turn the tables on Mister Dick.

Bruin did not look very savage at that distance and I began to hope that he would go away without doing anything unpleasant. The wish was scarcely born, however, before he turned his attention to a couple of baby calves, which we kept in a corral on the other side of the canyon. He probably thought their plaintive "moo-moos" were an invitation to dine. At any rate he trotted off in their direction.

This sudden move terrified me, and I ran back to the house with the speed of a hunted rabbit. Those baby calves were pets of mine and the idea that that big, ugly bear was going to eat them filled me with horror.

"Bear—in the calf-pen," I gasped, tearing into the kitchen like a wild thing.

Mother was ironing some clothes; she dropped her iron and stared at me as if she thought I had taken leave of my wits.

"A bear in the calf-pen?" she repeated. "Why, Mary, you must be crazy."

Before I had time to reply, Chip, who was lying on his stomach under the

table when I entered, snatched up father's heavy Winchester and darted out of the house.

Mother was a timid woman, but she would have followed him at once, had I not clung to her skirts, and begged her to stay in the safe refuge of the house.

We stood in trembling silence for a minute or two, then—"Bang" came a heavy report, followed almost immediately by another. There were no more shots and we began to feel braver.

"Mamma, I am sure Chip has killed the bear," I said.

"More likely the bear has killed him," she replied. "Let us go and see."

Each of us grasped some portion of the other's dress as a protection against the bear or hysterics, and out we went.

"Chi-ip," mother called.

"Me here. Come see *oso*," came Chip's shrill voice, in reply.

I knew that *oso* was the Spanish name for a bear, and I felt sure Chip had killed the big cinnamon.

We turned the corner of the stable and our fright gave way to a fit of laughter. There lay the bear within a few feet of the calf-pen, and he was dead enough, to suit even us. Chip had killed him with a lucky shot just in time to save my pets. The cause of our merriment was to see our small champion going through an exaggerated war dance around the huge carcass of his victim. I had seen a great many of Chip's antics but this was the most remarkable performance I had ever known him to indulge in.

The closer we approached, the faster he danced. His wiry brown legs were spread wide apart with every leap, and his skinny arms flopped this way and that like the limbs of a scare-crow.

When we reached the spot and he condescended to notice us, he swelled

up with importance like an angry frog. He patted himself on the breast, then pointed to the bear, and said:

"See, *oso* dead. Me kill him *muy pronto* (very quick.) Nuder *oso* come, me kill him, *tambien*. White boy no can do dat. Only me; me Pima."

When father returned he rewarded Chip's bravery by making him a present of a fine two-year-old colt called Eagle. Chip was very proud of his handsome steed, and Eagle soon grew so fond of his little master that he would follow at his heels like a dog.

I owe it to those two that I live to write this story, and I will tell you what they did in the next number.

(TO BE CONCLUDED).

#### EARLY MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

IN the hard winter days, between Christmas and New Years 1852, myself and a young Elder, Brother Poulsen, were traveling as missionaries on the island of Lolland, Denmark. We visited a friendly family by the name of Jensen, the head of which was the overseer over the large oak forest in which the house was situated. The man and his wife were not then baptized, but preferred to wait till spring for that ordinance. While we were conversing with them on the gospel in the afternoon, there arrived in the house five men—the parish police, sognefoged, of Wester Utterlev, being the foreman. After the common Christmas salutation, they asked for brandy; but the host said that nothing of that sort was in the house. The men sneeringly said, "Yes, we should think not, for now you are holy." Then the sognefoged wanted to know what kind of strangers were in the house.

One of the men, named Frederik, whom I had heard on a former occasion

cursing the Mormons, was especially full of wrath. He said, "These wicked Mormon priests are going around to lead young people and old fools to destruction."

There was an old man among the visitors, who said, "If those Priests could preach and read from our good old Bible instead of from Joseph Smith's gold-bible it would be all right."

"Yes," said the man Frederik, "they are taking Bible texts, for," pointing to Brother Poulsen, "this young greenhorn told me the other day that the time would come when I shall call upon the mountains to fall on me to hide me from God's presence."

In that very moment the Savior's words came to me, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves," and turning towards Brother Poulsen said, "Well, is that so? You must always remember that we are to be messengers of peace and good-will to all men, and not condemn, or use such words as those that this gentleman says you uttered towards him." I then apologized for Brother Poulsen to Frederik, saying, "You must excuse this young man for what he thoughtlessly has said, for you see he is young and inexperienced, and has not been out in the world much."

My words seemed to have the desired effect, for the man said to me, "You are a reasonable person, but this other fellow I don't like."

I then took my pocket Bible from my valise and said, "Gentlemen, please see if this little book is not Martin Luther's translation of the Bible, for from that book we will point out to you the truths of all our teachings and preachings."

I then commenced from the Old Testament to read from the prophets of God's promise to the house of Israel, and the



gathering of them to Zion and Jerusalem in the latter-days, to raise up a people to prepare a kingdom for the second coming of Christ, and I pointed out from the New Testament the only way to enter into the kingdom of heaven: repentance and baptism, and the reception of the Holy Ghost. I further showed from the book of Revelation that the Apostle John saw in his vision an angel proclaiming and bringing the everlasting Gospel again to the earth, which is the only true plan of salvation and the heavenly law for His Church, in which there must be Prophets and Apostles, etc., with gifts and blessings to guide and instruct, through continual revelation from God, the members of the body or the Church of Christ, until they arrive to perfection in all the heavenly graces. I told them that Satan, through wicked men, had formerly killed the men of God who held the priesthood, with heavenly authority to officiate in the name of the Son of God; and that for many hundred years God has not had any representative on earth, until a few years ago He raised up a man to be His Prophet and Apostle, with that authority which Christ gave to Peter to bind and loose on earth and in heaven.

After answering some questions, there seemed a more calm spirit to enter into the men, so that the three of them became friendly towards us, and the sog-nefoged, with the one man, both full of wrath, dared not harm us, and they all went away. I did not think that those men were prepared then to receive the Gospel, but gave them a warning not to fight against the truth, and to do no harm to God's servants, and especially not to thrash us with their heavy oaken sticks, which no doubt they cut in the forest for that purpose.

Our host, Mr. Jensen, then remarked,

"They could not do you any harm in the house; but possibly they will lie in wait for you in the forest. You better stay with us for the night." We thanked him for his kindness and stayed there.

In the night I dreamed that I was alone and traveling in an open field; but looking back I beheld a great carnivorous monster, something like a bear, coming after me. As I turned my head again I noticed a close growth of trees at a distance in front of me, and then I ran with all my speed for that clump of trees, thinking that if I could pass through them I would be safe; but coming in among the trees I found myself entangled in snares and strings twined all over and from one tree to the next, so that I had to use all my strength to break them. I then came out and pursued my journey gladly.

I awoke from my dream and thought I had the interpretation of it. I told Brother Poulsen that snares would be laid for me by the sectarian priesthood, but that the Lord would deliver me out all right. The next morning we left there to go to Thoreby, a village on the east-end of Lolland, close to a narrow strait of the Baltic Sea, separating that island from the island of Talster. Both islands belonged to the same conference, and were presided over by the late Johannes Swenson, shoemaker, of Salt Lake City, who was there one year before me, and which brother had come from Talster to Thoreby. There were thirteen members of the Church in said place, where we held several well-attended meetings, and on the following Saturday night we baptized eleven persons, and among them a full-blooded Jew.

The next Sunday morning Brother Swenson took Brother Poulsen with him and left me alone with the twenty members to hold fast-day and sacrament

meetings in the house of a brother, Niels Jensen. We all rejoiced greatly through that Sabbath day with the outpouring of the Holy Spirit and in praising our Heavenly Father for the increase of members to the fold of Christ. In the afternoon as I stood to officiate with the holy supper, the Lutheran minister or priest for Thoreby and neighboring parish, came with his deacon and a great many people, proudly strutting along, thinking to disturb our meeting and scare us all out of the house. We held our meeting in an inner room, there being one room and the hall outside of that, which now became full, and a multitude was still outside the building.

The minister stood facing us in the open door, with intent to come farther in; but in that moment I uttered the words, "Let us all kneel down and ask the blessing upon the bread." The minister and all of his crowd stood still as if paralyzed, while we all, members, and strangers in our congregation, knelt before the Lord. After the sacrament was over, I spoke of the sufferings of Christ, the atonement of the Lamb of God for the fallen world, of our covenants to God and of our duty and love to one another.

While I was speaking and singing my voice became hoarse, and my lungs had been bleeding; for I had taken much cold in the winter by traveling in the deep snow with wet feet. I prayed in my heart to my Heavenly Father that He would strengthen my lungs and restore my voice. With a clear voice and with great freedom I spoke for about one hour, while all stood still and listened, and only my own voice sounded in the deep silence. I laid before that great crowd the eternal plan of salvation, leaving the priest and his people with no excuse for failing to accept the only way to escape the judg-

ments of God by becoming members of the true Church of Christ.

The Spirit then told me to stop, and the minister asked for leave to speak, and then commenced, saying, "My own dear church people, I must admit that I have listened to the honorable gentleman's speech with great interest. He has portrayed the love of God to His children on earth from the beginning, and His dealings with mankind through the different dispensations down to Jesus Christ; but when he went farther and boldly exclaimed in the language of Paul, 'We are the true messengers of God to invite all mankind to be reconciled to Him, to escape the coming wrath, I must indeed protest, for you all know that Thoreby congregation is very good and God-like.'"

There stood near the priest four or five men holding large brandy bottles in shape of time or sand-glasses, and long oak sticks in their hands, by which they knocked on the floor and howled out, "Yes, Thoreby church is by the d—— good."

I then said to the priest, "Now, your own church folks have sealed your testimony of your congregation's godliness."

The priest felt somewhat embarrassed, and exclaimed, "There is some scabby sheep in every flock," which words the drunken men did not relish, so, for a while, they did not know what side to take.

Then ensued a wrangling conversation about the meaning of the words of Christ to His apostles, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel," etc., from his side, and after I had partly silenced him with the true interpretation of God's word, he said, "My former church members, I feel very sorry for you, especially for the young folks, at being led astray from Jesus by those vagrant Mormons;



for when you die you cannot have a Christian burial, but must be cast outside and be put in the potter's field, among murderers and suicides."

I then took the word and said, "Listen, my friends; it will not profit a man if he gains all worldly honor and riches, if he loses his soul, and if he is buried with all the pomp and splendor, while his church bell is clanging, and a fine marble monument afterwards is raised over his grave, if when the archangel is sounding his trumpet with a loud voice, 'Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment!' he who persecutes the true followers of Christ will try to hide himself from the terrible majesty of Him who sits upon the throne, and then must hear the words, 'Go hence, I know you not!' But those who are reckoned as the outcasts of the world, yet have walked in the straight and narrow way to the end of their mortal lives, will be raised out of their graves to meet their Redeemer in the clouds of heaven, and with Him go down and take possession of the earth, and reign under Him as kings and priests to God and the Lamb for evermore."

After my last remarks the people whispered, "The Mormon priest is right."

As darkness now set in, the priest prepared to leave. As he was doing so, he said, "I will now go, for you see I cannot persuade that gentleman to be a Christian, and he cannot, by G—, make a Mormon of me."

"All right," said one of the worst in the crowd. "We will baptize that Mormon priest in his own blood."

Now as a lighted candle stood upon the table in front of us, a rock came thundering through the window and smashed the table, extinguishing the candle-light. I asked for another light, and then the men with the clubs surrounding

the table, struck upon it and cursed the Mormons.

There was a miserable subject among them, who came forward and said, "These Mormon Priests cured my thumb the other day, which was nearly cut off, and," pointing to me, "he was one of the two; but by what power they did it I cannot say."

The meeting-room where I still was was full of men and some women, and I quite realized that I stood facing the thick growth of trees, tied together with priestcraft, which I saw in my dream; but how to get through that crowd I did not know. A friendly man came to me and whispered to me, "Mr. Bohn, you had better get out of here or else you will be killed."

The words seemed to set my feet in motion, and before I knew it I found myself in a small inner room. I tried to open the windows there to get out, but found them fastened outside. At last I got one open and jumped out; but to escape from the house was impossible, as it was full-moon light, and many of the mobbers were outside watching for me. Therefore I went into a little outside room close by, where fodder for the stock was cut, crept behind the cutting-box and hid under some rye straw bundles, while I heard the mob yelling, "Where is the Mormon? Where is he?"

I heard a woman say, "He went into the bedroom."

I lay shivering in the cold, with chattering teeth, and heard the destruction going on both inside and outside the house. I did not fear very much for my own life or person, for I believed I would come out unharmed, as I saw in my dream; but I felt anxious for my day-book, in which I had written sixty Latter-day Saint hymns of my own composition. I had left it on the windowsill,

under which all brick and plastering was torn out.

After the mob had destroyed all the household utensils, they took the new feather bed, etc., which Brother Jensen's wife had prepared for the next emigration, and put it down in the well, throwing all kinds of filth over them, after which they broke down the stone wall of the well, which fell on top of all. Still they were not satisfied to leave before all brick was knocked out of that old frame-building, and as the last piece of glass in the outbuilding was broken with a rock, I heard a wagon coming on the road, and a person in the wagon said with loud voice, "What is going on here? Is it murder or robbery?"

The crowd then left, and all was stillness. With silent thanks to God I emerged from my prison and saw the destruction; but to my great astonishment and joy, my day-book lay right on top of a pile of mortar and brick, and I then knew that the Lord had preserved it for His own purpose. Those hymns and thirteen more, with the beautiful songs of C. C. A. Christensen, and of the late P. O. Thomassen, as well as fifty of mine, translated into Swedish, have been sung in the Scandinavian meetings for over forty years.

As I came to the house I called for Brother Jensen and wife; and as they heard my voice they cried out, "O, Brother Bohn, are you alive? We thought you dead." I answered, "The Lord has sheltered me from all harm."

I saw then the wife with bleeding and swollen temple, and a twelve-year old boy with nearly broken ribs, both being hurt with pieces of brick. I consoled them as much as I could, and asked for my under jacket, cap and cane. I received my jacket, but my cane was gone and my cap was torn to pieces; I felt glad that

my head was not in it when the mob tore it. I now started for a seven Danish mile tramp in that clear, bright and frosty winter night, to Helling's mill. I was very faint, cold and hungry; but the Lord strengthened me so that I came towards early morning to my beloved brethren and sisters, who received me with open arms, and we all praised God for my deliverance out of the snares of the adversary.

Now, after more than forty-three years, I can clearly see that my Heavenly Father at many times protected my body, which never was very strong and robust, from harm, so that I have reached the good age of seventy-three, and have dwelt in the mountains of Ephraim for forty-one years and a half. I have witnessed temples reared to the mighty God of Jacob, in which I have stood as the only one of my kindred, with my wife and children, as saviors upon Mount Zion, wherefore from the depths of my heart I feel to exclaim, "All thanks, praise, honor and glory be to God and the Lamb forever!"

*John M. Bohn.*

#### WITH THE SPIRITS IN PRISON.

You know during my vacation from business, during the latter part of the year 1888, and the greater portion of the year 1889, I put up at the Hotel de Dyer, and, in company with some two hundred other sojourners at the hotel named, gathered on Sunday afternoons in the grand dining hall of the establishment, for the purpose of receiving religious instruction.

But should you not know, allow me to inform you that such was our usual custom, not only our custom, but rule, and rather a cast-iron rule—one which we had no hand in making—and it was



especially enforced by the hotel-keeper and his waiters, better known to some of my acquaintances as the warden and his guards.

Here, in the grand dining hall, we would meet in turn the ministers of the several religious denominations who had established themselves and their churches in Salt Lake City.

The order observed on these occasions was as follows: At the signal of three bells, we gentlemen in "stripes" formed in line on the gangway outside our respective cell doors, and marched in single file to our places in the dining hall, there to await in strict silence the coming of the minister; and sometimes quite a time would elapse before his arrival.

I remember on the occasion of a longer delay of this character than usual, an amusing incident occurring, which, although of small moment, serves to show the freedom existing in the intercourse of the prisoners and officers of the prison on some occasions.

An interested officer about this time said in regard to the Mormon prisoners, that there was no need of walls or stocks to keep them in. If he was to plow a furrow around a ten-acre lot, and tell them to stay within the mark, they would do it.

So with this class of men, the guards of the penitentiary were at ease, and still more at ease, by knowing that all the prisoners of that same class were guards over the other men confined there; and thus a spirit of freedom and liberty was fostered within these prison walls which seemed at times strangely at variance with prison discipline, but no harm came of it.

One Sunday afternoon Tommy Williams came marching into church, with his sprightly little Scotch terrier dog

"Peggy" under his arm—by the way, this dog was the pet of the prisoners; they fondled and caressed her on all occasions.

Many a time have I seen some great, broad-chested convict leaning over "Peggy" and her pups, watching her supply them with the lacteal fluid, with all the solicitude that we generally ascribe to old maids with their cats; but men are very like old maids in this respect, and under certain circumstances, like them, they must have something to love and caress; so these men loved and caressed "Peggy," and snuggled her up to their rough faces, which she licked to their entire satisfaction.

So general a favorite was "Peggy," and so highly esteemed, that when Mr. Doyle (the guard) saw her being carried into church under her owner's arm, he asked Williams if he did not think the dog would disturb the services.

Tommy replied: "I think not, Mr. Doyle. I brought her in, thinking probably she might make a disturbance in the cell house, and cause more annoyance, sir." So the prisoner's dog remained to hear the service.

Why the delay, which was unusually prolonged on this occasion, I do not remember; but we were left sitting in the dining hall, awaiting the arrival of the minister, for a longer time than usual that Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Doyle left the hall for a few minutes to ascertain the reason of the delay. I supposed, when some of the prisoners took advantage of his absence to get off some smart tricks and jests. One of them, a real, reckless, jolly dog himself, arose to his feet and addressed himself to another prisoner, who was the butt of many of their jokes, and said: Mr. Bronson, Chairman Bronson, I move this meeting do now adjourn, in

order that 'Peggy' may have an opportunity to suckle her pups."

The burst of laughter that greeted this proposition was only smothered in time to receive, with very red faces, the incoming of the guard, accompanied by the preacher.

The Rev. T. C. Hiff, of Methodist fame, once came out, and addressed us. He spoke very well; his ideas and teachings were practical and plain.

The celebrated Miles Grant, the Adventist, tried his persuasive eloquence on us once, with the idea of converting us from the error of our way. He was accompanied, and strongly supported by the presence of the Hon. John T. Caine, the delegate of Utah: the Territorial Marshal, and a leading representative of the Grand Army of the Republic, as well as several other gentlemen.

Elder Miles started out in rather a high key, for the kind of an audience before him—too much of a make-yourself-at-home sort of a style; however, it did not take from my mind the fact that he was really out visiting, in a very strange place, and among very strange company, indeed.

He did fairly well at flying his kite for a time, but after he had been sailing along a little more at his ease, he was suddenly brought to the ground by the non-show of hands in affirmative response to the question, "Would you not like to go to Jesus and have Him save you from your sins?"

The question, as put by the old practitioner, was not only sandwiched between very palatable slices of persuasive phrases, but the slices themselves were thickly covered with the honey of enticing words, and nothing seemed in the way of the ready reception of the tempting bait; but with all this, the fish before him did not bite, to his great

astonishment, and greater perplexity, for not a hand was raised.

No doubt the good man had worked this little by-play of the preacher's art on many audiences with success; the failure here non-plussed him so much that it acted as an effectual extinguisher of what little fire he raised on the occasion, and he soon brought his remarks to a close, somewhat ingloriously, although he disguised his defeat as much as possible.

And, indeed, to preach to those "spirits in prison" was no easy task. A living wall seemed to confront the preachers, built up strong and impenetrable, between them and the Mormon prisoners seated in the front, composed of their strong materialism and knowledge of scriptural points and principles—a wall not seen, but felt; beyond this another wall was reared, making another barrier hard to surmount by the preacher's art, built of the remembrance of vile deeds, not repented of, and anticipations of evil not yet accomplished.

The Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints were allowed to visit the hotel the first Sunday in each month. At these visits we were entertained by the fine singing of a quartette of voices, usually composing the choir that the officiating Elder invariably brought to aid him in the service.

On another occasion, I was much interested in the exertions of a "Salvation lassie," who made quite a fair attempt in addressing us, and, aided by the influence of our "hotel choir," she worked up a small wave of religious excitement. We joined most heartily in the choruses of her songs, especially getting in a heavy swing on the chorus of "He's the Lily of the Valley."

She tried with all the energy she could master to have one from our ranks, "only one, even one," as she said, in her most plaintive style, acknowledge he was saved through her administration; but all in vain. 'Tis true, one poor fellow, possessed of a weak emotional nature, or perhaps weaker brain, was shedding tears profusely, his feelings played upon by the force and fervor of her appeals of "Come to Jesus;" but not one dare arise of that assembly, and face the contumely of his fellows, and say he was "saved," even to her repeated and most fervent supplications.

At her last appeal of a more moderate nature, "If any one among the sinners present desired her to pray for him," Mulligan, one of the toughest of good-natured toughs, held up his hand, more for the purpose of comforting her with the idea that her labors were not all thrown away; still I am more inclined to the belief it was to originate a standing joke of short life, and afford fun for his comrades during the coming week.

One Sunday we had the Rev. A—, whose personal appearance, though somewhat above common-place, did not denote very great force of character; he was about twenty-seven years of age, medium size, dark hair and complexion, with full, dark eyes.

He was accompanied by his wife and child, a handsome boy of about six years, also a fine-appearing young woman of about twenty. It was easily seen how great an interest the wife took in the services, or rather in the manner of their presentation, by the man she loved: her promptness in voicing the response in the service her husband was rendering, manifested her anxiety for the successful issue of her husband's ministration, and was a splendid endeavor to render all the

support in her power to the man who had her heart's affections.

I became quite interested, and as the services progressed my interest still increased in the study of the pair before me, this husband and wife. The prayers and the lesson of the day—the latter a portion of the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew—being finished, Mr. A—announced his text, the fifty-first Psalm.

Was it not rather singular that he should chose this psalm? This question immediately arose in my mind, and I at once concluded he intended that the deep contrition and repentance of the Psalmist David for his sin with Uriah's wife should have a telling effect upon those under the sound of his voice, guilty of a like crime in his estimation.

While this may have been the intended application of his text, I thought from his stumbling tongue and the laborious passage of the sentences he uttered, every movement and word followed by the closest attention of his wife, that the words of the psalmist might have been pertinent to a transgression of like nature in himself.

That his self-imposed task was a heavy burden on his weak shoulders was apparent in the faltering manner in which he labored at the work, from his first remark, made at the conclusion of the reading of the Psalm.

The fifth verse afforded him a shield behind which he sheltered guilt to a great extent, throwing the greater burden of blame upon the manner of our coming into the world, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." (I don't like David for that.)

The preacher seemed to cower in fear beneath this wall he so readily built for his cover, and as if still fearing the inefficiency of this protection, he threw



out as an advanced earthwork in the defence, the French proverb, "Man is half devil, half demon;" but immediately acknowledged the falsity and weakness of his position by saying, "It should have been, 'Man is half devil, half divine.'"

He then made a weak effort to palliate the commission of sin, not so much to justify the guilty, but to show the necessity for the existence of sin, not in order to exemplify its opposite virtue, but more for its leading to the production of good, that otherwise the human family might have been deprived of. "Without the sinning of David," said he, "the people of this earth would not have been blest with the possession of many of the grand and sublime poetic effusions of the psalmist." Here he repeated portions of the psalm, "For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me." The eyes of his wife were upon him. as with pale face he made the acknowledgment. I could not help but think, was not the man's voice raised more in supplication for himself than for others, as he rehearsed the words, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me; cast me not away from thy presence."

And now since it has been made known to me that Mr. A—— was one of the many suspected of visiting a lewd woman, in the expose made by the Salt Lake police a year or so back, I at once comprehended the position and consequent emotion of Mr. A——on the occasion; the close attention of his wife, her quick glance, and close following of every word uttered by her husband, is all fully accounted for; and methinks confessed her knowledge of his crime and also her knowledge of his deep contrition and repentance.

Now, although the man was not capable of filling his self-imposed task in a

manner to draw forth the admiration of his hearers, let us put as charitable a construction on the attempt as possible: it may have been in his lack of language, or even that his repentance had not yet reached that point to attain the free spirit of verse twelve, so that he was still hampered by his remaining guilt from "teaching transgressors His ways that they might be converted unto Him." The young woman in their company bore her part in the responses of the earlier part of the service with a very good grace, kneeling and rising in accord with the attitude consorting with the service, and bore with the greatest composure the plain but poetic allusion to sexual sin in the reading of the Psalm; and this while under the gaze of an audience of so many males, known to her as criminals convicted of all the known crimes in the decalogue.

Under any circumstances, it is quite an ordeal for a woman to encounter the gaze of such an audience as presents itself before the religious teacher holding service at any of our penitentiaries.

And when the deprivation of that audience from all association with womankind is considered, it is only natural to suppose such an audience would improve their opportunity to gaze upon the form of woman, no matter how poor or how rich in personal charms she might be.

The fair object of our attention on this occasion, with her intelligence, could easily realize that she was under the scrutiny of men convicted of all classes of crime, from those whose love of the symmetrical portions of a fine horse had led them to appropriate it unlawfully to their own use, to men whose base and fiendlike passions had led them to turn a deaf ear to the cries of outraged virginity.

With a final prayer to the throne of

grace, Mr. A—, his wife, his child, and the fair young woman, vanished through the door of the dining-hall (our improvised church) while I was still lost in thought, wondering if Mr. A—'s heart was truly in his work, or worthy of the love that was seemingly lavished upon him by his somewhat careworn wife. And then if the young woman was engaged, who to, and what kind of a man was the possessor of so—

When the quick, sharp sound of the bell, rung by the energetic hand of Mr. Doyle, recalled me to the fact that I was in stripes and a prisoner.

*Albert Jones.*

#### PRESCOTT, THE HISTORIAN.

IT HAS been said that the highest honor that any person or nation could have, would be to have William H. Prescott for his or its historian. His rank as a writer is of the highest, and with singular acuteness and patriotism his best work was ever reserved for themes that were either American in their significance, or intimately related to the New World. His "Conquest of Peru" is a classic, and will live as long as literature endures; and no less charming, if indeed it is not the very best of his works, is his scholarly and altogether admirable history of Ferdinand and Isabella. We hardly need remind our readers that his incentive to the treatment of these two sovereigns was the fact that it was under their auspices and encouragement that America was discovered by Christopher Columbus. While Spain has always been an interesting land, and during the period he discusses was first among the nations of the earth, naturally the main interest felt in the volumes referred to grows out of the events leading up to and consequent

upon the discovery of the New World, and upon the series of triumphs by which those potentates reached the degree of might and splendor that then characterized their court.

In a brief article such as can properly find a place in the columns of the INSTRUCTOR, no attempt can be made to review in a satisfactory manner either the work of the historian, the condition of the country whose rulers he immortalizes, or the tremendously important event which led him to take up the subject. As a matter of fact, he selects a period in Spanish history which other writers had curiously overlooked in their accounts of the later prominence of the "Peninsula," as the south-western corner of Europe is called—a period which is the very basis of the country's modern history. He had access to the rare records that had been preserved though in many cases almost forgotten, and was able thoroughly to study not only the work of Spanish scholars who had written concerning the royal pair who have been named, but also original documents as to the Inquisition, the political institutions of the country, the old Spanish-Arab chronicles, and the priceless unpublished documents illustrating the history of Columbus and the early Castilian navigators. Hence the work, while possessing to Americans one supreme feature, is furthermore a complete and accurate description of all that pertained to Spanish custom, achievement, and tendency at the time.

What will be of particular value and importance to our readers in connection with the great work of this great man, is an incident which shows the power of human resolution in overcoming obstacles. It will be remembered that Milton, one of the noblest of English poets, did much excellent work after he lost his eye-

sight, and that some famous musicians have been not only blind, but in at least one case stone deaf. These cases are surprising enough; and yet it seems to us that none of them equals the case of Prescott, who ventured to explore the intricacies of an ancient, confused and contradictory literature with other eyes than his own. For years after he had made arrangements for obtaining his material from the Spanish archives, he was entirely deprived of his sight for all purposes of reading or writing, and had no prospect of recovering it. Such an obstacle might well appear insurmountable in a task which required the study and comparison of a vast mass of authorities in various languages, and the transfer of their contents, when confirmed, to other pages. But though shut out from one sense, the historian was able to rely confidently upon another—he taught his ear to do the work of his eye. Of course he had to secure the assistance of a reader, and with that help he worked his way through many venerable Spanish volumes. At length he had his ear so trained to foreign sounds and a strange and frequently obsolete phraseology, that his progress and success were assured. He had been led blindfolded through many stony and devious paths of literature, and had made himself so complete a master of the field which he had explored and trodden, that when, under the blessing of Providence, his sight was again restored, he had but to finish up and apply the last graceful touches to the work

done during his years of physical darkness.

These circumstances of course lend an added interest to the history which bears his name. His example is no less glorious than is the work which he had persevered in accomplishing. Both



PRESCOTT.

can be sincerely applauded and commended to the young, as worthy of their study and imitation; and while to but few may be given the literary power and eloquence and judgment and skill that mark the work of William H. Prescott, the great historian, there is none who cannot



emulate the example of pluck, energy, endurance and courage which he has left to us. We hope that no one who now reads these lines will ever have to do without his eyesight—a loss so great that the bare thought makes the heart sick; but all will have and have had, difficulties to meet which, though they seem great, are but as trifles compared with this. Be brave and persevering, and success cannot be withheld.

### SHORT STORIES, SKETCHES, ETC.

#### Women Have Nothing To Do.

THE above remark was made by a man who lived in the nineteenth century, on a little farm, near the city of C—.

He had a very good opinion of himself, and was often heard to say he could do as much work in one day as his wife could do in two, and sleep half his time.

John, as we shall call him, did not have a lazy wife. She was a smart, intelligent, industrious little woman. She was always willing to help him all she could. Kit was her name.

Coming home from work one night in his usual mood, grumbling about how hard he had to work hoeing corn, "while you," referring to his wife, "have nothing to do, but cook, and wash for yourself, me, and the five children. If that was all I had to do, I could go visiting most of the time."

"No, John, there is nothing I should like better than to carry my share of the hardships in life. So, if you like, I shall be happy to exchange jobs with you."

"Agreed," says John, rubbing his hands together in great glee. "You do the field labor, and I will show you how to do housework, and while I am doing

it, I shall write a treatise on methods of housekeeping. Aha! little woman, how do you like that?"

Next morning Kit was up with the lark, and washed and dressed all the children—something which John never thought of doing.

She gave him instructions what to do with the cow, the pig, the chickens, and above all cautioned him to watch little Johnny. As she was leaving, with the hoe on her shoulder, she called back to him: "Remember the bread in the oven, and do not forget the churning."

"You do not need brains," says he, "to hoe corn. Oh, no—just in house-keeping. Leave that to me, my dear. Do not get so interested in the corn trade that you forget to come home to supper."

John sat down in the large rocker, and laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. I've got out of hard work or one day at least. She will have all the corn she wants before night. The idea of her thinking I could not do the housework. Aha! when I get my hand in a little, I can take a run over and help neighbor Jones' wife, and give her also a lesson or two on housekeeping."

But in the midst of his planning for the future, a thought suddenly came to him concerning his duty at present. Where is little Johnny? He runs all around calling "Johnny, Johnny," at the top of his voice, until all the neighbors' dogs came running to see what was wrong.

After searching for over an hour he found this promising copy of himself with the rest of the children playing in the mud, not far from the house.

When he returned a dense cloud of smoke was coming from the door, which he had left open. His heart gave a great thump on his ribs when He saw it,

but to his joy he found it was only the bread in the oven on fire.

The cow and chickens had been forgotten, so he turned them out to eat grass, but old Boss had been used to getting bran, and refused to leave the door. Getting tired seeing her standing there, he untied a large pup which was kept chained to keep him out of mischief. He started the dog after the cow, and thus succeeded in driving her over into Jones' cabbage patch.

John ran to bring the cow back, and while he was gone Towser took advantage of his absence, and helped himself to a good breakfast of the sitting hen's eggs. He was so overjoyed at being loose, that he had over half of the chickens killed before John got back.

Our new housekeeper next thought of the churning. Putting the cream in the churn, he commenced the process, but soon stopped, perspiring at every pore. He thought of the beer, and went down the cellar to get a drink, to cool his fevered brow. He had just turned the faucet in the keg when he was startled by a loud clash like thunder. Running up to ascertain the cause of the noise, he was horrified to find the old black sow in the kitchen. She had become tired waiting for her breakfast, and was at this minute up to her eyes in cream.

It was now after three o'clock, and Kit would soon be home. He had no bread, and what could he cook for supper?

He thought mush and milk good enough for one meal. He hung the pot on the fire to boil, while he looked to see what Bossy was doing. He found her in the cabbage patch again. Not knowing what to do with her this time, he thought of a long rope which hung in the cellar. Hastening to get it, he sud-

denly found himself up to his ankles in beer, for he had forgotten to turn the faucet, and it had all run out.

He put the rope on Bossy's head, but could not find a place to tether her. Somehow he must manage to hold her. The fireplace was one of the primitive kind, built outside the house, and not higher than his head. The thought suggested itself to him, that he could run one end of the rope down the chimney, and tie it round his waist, while making the mush; for the door had to be kept shut to keep the old sow out.

Boss was feeding around the house quite contentedly, when she saw a bunch of nice grass growing on the roof of the potato bin. Up she goes, but her weight is too much for the beams, and down she falls six feet into the cellar. At the same time John is taken away very suddenly from his job of cooking the evening meal.

At that moment Kit makes her appearance on the scene in time to cut the rope and let her lord and master down, before he is smoked to death. And always after that, when John begins to brag about his great powers, Kit says to him: "John, do you remember your trip up the chimney," and it always has the desired effect.

*Robert Baird.*

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There are only two rules for good manners: One is, always think of others; the other is, never think of yourself.

People who spend their energies in getting even seldom get ahead.

In most things success depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed.

He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own.

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**Juvenile Instructor**

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 1, 1896.

**EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.****MUSIC AND ITS INFLUENCE.**

WE know of no community as young as ours which bestows the attention upon music, both vocal and instrumental, that the Latter-day Saints do. The pains taken to train choirs in singing in most of our settlements is very praiseworthy; and while there may be some places where skilled teachers are not found, the knowledge of music and a taste in singing are spreading so rapidly, that it may be reasonably expected that it will not be long until a very high standard of knowledge will be reached throughout the entire State, and even outside of the State where communities of Latter-day Saints exist, in the direction of music. It appears to be natural for Latter-day Saints to express their praise of the Great Creator in songs and hymns; and our climate being so favorable for the development of the human voice, and singing being a delightful exercise also, the love of music is being cultivated very widely.

Every one who has any taste in this direction can find abundant opportunities now of acquiring skill, both in vocal and in instrumental music. The fame of the Tabernacle Choir has extended all over the land. It is an organization concerning which we all have reason to feel gratified, and the example of this famous choir gives a stimulus to singing all over the State. A feeling of emulation is aroused, which is attended with

excellent effects. Those who come from other parts to our General Conference hear this good singing, and it elevates their taste and gives them a good idea of what can be done by organization and steady perseverance in the cultivation of singing.

We call attention to this, because we desire the young men especially of our Church to not neglect to avail themselves of the opportunities, now so numerous, to learn singing, and, if convenient and possible, instrumental music. All the Elders who have had any experience in the missionary field, know what a great advantage it is for an Elder to be able to sing well or to play on an instrument. If he holds open-air meetings, or enters a new field and has meetings indoors, it is a great help to be able to sing. In visiting new fields, while traveling without purse and scrip, a good singer can be welcomed to entertainment where without this gift he might be turned away, or at least treated coldly. A good singer can win the hearts of a family, and make friends, break down prejudice, and dislike, and opposition, where a young man not able to sing would have all these things to contend with. The young of both sexes among us should be taught to sing. Family singing should be indulged in and cultivated, and everyone should be taught to make the best use of his or her voice.

It is very pleasing to see the fashion of congregational singing growing up among us as it is. It is a good practice, and adds greatly to the effectiveness and solemnity of worship. A stranger who visits our Tabernacle, and beholds the vast congregation standing upon their feet joining with the choir and the organ in songs of praise to the Lord must carry away with him an im-



pression that will not soon be forgotten. It is a grand and impressive spectacle, and as the knowledge of singing extends it will become more and more inspiring and effective.

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#### SUICIDES.

A Catholic minister has recently called attention to the fact that suicides are more uncommon in Ireland than in some of the neighboring countries. One of the reasons assigned for this is, that in Ireland self-murderers are not permitted to be buried in consecrated ground, which in the minds of religious people, trained as the Irish are especially, is a dreadful thing.

In times gone by the suicide was execrated. At one period the grave of such a person was selected at four cross roads, and a stake was driven through the body. Everything possible was done to show the abhorrence in which those who committed suicide were held. These severe methods of disposing of the bodies of those who took their lives in their own hands had a great effect in deterring people from committing this terrible crime. At one time, in a prominent city in Europe, an epidemic of suicides seemed to prevail. The authorities did not know what to do to check it. Finally the plan was adopted of exposing the bodies of those who committed suicide, in a nude condition in the morgue, to the gaze of all who might choose to visit there. This method had the desired effect. People who did not shrink from death appeared to fear the exposure of their naked bodies to the public gaze.

Where people who commit suicide are buried in the same cemetery as those who die natural deaths, and where religious rites are performed at their

funerals, persons disposed to self-murder are not so likely to shrink from death as if their remains were treated with ignominy. If in Ireland self-murderers should be buried in what is called consecrated ground, and their bodies were treated with the same respect as those who die natural deaths, it is more than likely that the effect would be to increase the number of suicides.

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It is a dreadful sin for one to destroy his own body. Everything should be done among us to show the abhorrence of the people to the practice, and how great a crime it is in the sight of heaven. No man has the right to rush unbidden out of this life into the life beyond. God has given us a probation, and He has had a wise purpose in doing this. A man who, when sent on a mission, leaves his post and returns home, contrary to the counsel of those who preside over him, is held by the Latter-day Saints as a deserter and as unworthy of the Priesthood. Dishonor attaches to such conduct, and men who do this among us are viewed as weak and unreliable. But this is a trivial act compared with the taking of one's own life, and leaving the place which God has assigned to us in this world by an act of self-destruction. Human life is too sacred to be extinguished in this manner without incurring the severe displeasure of heaven.

We should by every means in our power impress upon the rising generation the value of life, and how dreadful a sin it is to take life. The lives of animals even should be held far more sacred than they are. Young people should be taught to be very merciful to the brute creation, and not to take life wantonly or for sport. The practice of hunting and killing game merely for

sport should be frowned upon and not encouraged among us. God has created the fowls and the beasts for man's convenience and comfort, and for his consumption at proper times and under proper circumstances; but he does not justify men in wantonly killing those creatures which He has made and with which He has supplied the earth. Much less can anyone be justified for wantonly taking human life, as it can scarcely be compared with the life of animals. Man is the lord of creation. He has descended from God, and having received a tabernacle of flesh, he should value it as beyond price and do all in his power to preserve it. God has given us laws and instructions concerning the best manner of preserving our bodies, and at no time has He given the least encouragement to anyone to destroy the temple of the spirit which He has provided for them.

Instead, therefore, of pompous, or even public funerals being accorded to those who take their own lives, everybody should understand that a man who commits this crime forfeits all claim to the respect, and attention, and sympathy of the people, and that the less notice that is taken of his demise the better it will suit the feelings of the people. It would not be wise to resort to such severe treatment of the remains of those who do this as was practiced in other times; but, on the other hand, it would be highly improper to accord to anyone who takes his own life the funeral obsequies that those who die natural deaths receive.

In making these remarks we are aware that there is a distinction in cases of this kind. There are instances where people, who to all appearance, have lived worthy lives, lose their reason, and while in that condition of insanity kill

themselves. Cases of this kind are very different from those of the ordinary suicide.

### LOVE AND FLIRTATION.

Young love, with sorry draggled wings,  
His eyes bedimmed, his bow unstrung,  
Moped in a corner, sad and still,  
With listless hands and idle tongue.  
"What, ho! My whilom, saucy lad!  
No arrows for the heedless crowd?  
No flying darts with reckless aim  
For stupid men and maidens proud?"

The youngster shook his curly head.  
"My span of life is well-nigh run,  
I've done for millions in my time,  
And oh! It has been lots of fun.  
But now my bow has lost its power,  
My arrows glance and turn aside.  
Tailor-made girls are flint and steel,  
My darts are spoiled, my rules defied.

"I've got a younger brother, too,  
Who's taking in my ancient trade;  
He used to run down all my game  
And help me on in many a raid,  
His victims all with promptness bring  
For me to lay upon the shelf—  
But now he sets them free as air,  
Won't even keep them for himself.

"Flirtation is this fellow's name,  
He's called an entertaining lad;  
But he has killed love's ancient power,  
His ways are wrong, his heart is bad."  
The boy's voice low and fainter grew,  
And heavy hung his curly head.  
Ah! Love hath passed away from earth,  
Flirtation reigneth in his stead.

A LADY who has recently returned from a Mediterranean trip says that as the ship was leaving the harbor of Athens a well dressed lady passenger approached the captain, who was pacing the deck, and, pointing to the distant hills covered with snow, asked: "What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?" "That is snow, madam," answered the captain. "Now is it, really?" remarked the lady. "I thought so, but a gentleman just told me it was Greece."

## Our Little Folks.

### BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

#### The Ark of God in the Hands of the Philistines.

ONE time the Israelites went out to fight against the Philistines, and so many of them were killed in the first battle that the Elders of Israel thought they would get the Ark of the Covenant and bring it to the camp.

Now the Lord had not told them to take the ark out to the battle this time as He had sometimes, and it was not right for them to take it unless he told them to, but Eli's sons were serving in the temple, and they went with the ark out to the battle.

When the Philistines saw it they were greatly frightened thinking the Lord had come into the camp with the ark and they would surely be beaten; but they said they would fight the best they could anyway.

Because the Israelites had done what they had no right to do, the Lord would not help them, and He allowed the Philistines to beat them and to take away the ark from them; and Eli's sons were both killed on the same day.

Eli was quite old and nearly blind and could not go out to fight; but he was watching for news of the battle. He had a seat near the gate of the city, by the road, and after a while a man came running to town to tell how the battle was going.

The man told Eli that his two sons were dead and that the Ark of the Lord was in the hands of the Philistines. When Eli heard that the ark had been taken by their enemies he fell off his seat backward and broke his neck.

The Philistines took the ark to one of their cities and put it in the house where they kept their idol which was named Dagon. They set the ark by the side of Dagon, and the next morning when they went in they found that Dagon had fallen on his face in front of the ark. They set him in his place again, and the next morning they saw that he had again fallen on his face in front of the ark and that his head and both hands had broken off.

So many of the Philistines got sick and died that they sent the ark to another city, and soon the people of that city began to get sick; and in every city where they took the ark many people died.

At last they decided that they would send the ark back to the Israelites and see if the people would not have less sickness.

Next time I will tell you how they sent it back.

*Celia A. Smith.*

#### ROBBIE RICHARDS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150.)

Robbie's mother continued to give her boy lessons in reading, writing and arithmetic as regularly as she could and attend to her other duties as well.

Like all young folks, Robbie was full of curiosity to know about everything he saw and was ever asking questions. He would sometimes sit for a long time thinking earnestly about something.

The bits of knowledge he received at different times did not always seem to connect or agree with each other when he put them together; and it often took him a long while to think of a consistent way to understand the things which had been told him as facts. Most of the information he received was from his mother, so he did not doubt its truth,



but concluded very wisely that the fault was with himself: he did not understand aright. This was one reason why he would occasionally spend so much time thinking. It was interesting to him to discover some things himself, and, though he was often wrong in his conclusions, the thinking was a benefit to him, for when he found out his ideas were wrong he set about to get them right, and to do this he had to make more inquiry, to ask more questions.

Robbie had either heard or read that the world was round like a ball. And when he thought about the matter it appeared to him that this was certainly true, for when he climbed up into a tall tree or on the top of a barn and looked about him he thought he could see plainly that the world was round. But what he saw was the valley, which, surrounded by mountains on all sides, looked round. The slope of the mountains and the bottom of the valley formed one-half of the globe and the arched sky the other half. The world was round like a hollow ball, he thought, with the people inside, not on the outside. It would have puzzled him to understand how the people could stick on the outside if he had got the idea that they were on the outside of the ball, as he knew nothing about the law of gravitation, or the power that holds people to the earth. His own understanding of the subject seemed plain enough to him. He had no idea that the world was larger than Salt Lake Valley; and yet it was big to him for he never remembered being more than a mile or two from home. With this idea of the earth, the stars were to him bright-headed tacks, perhaps, for all he knew, to hold the blue ceiling up. He had seen canvas ceilings in some houses fastened to the rafters with bright, brass-headed tacks. Of course, he had heard

of a place called heaven, and had been told that the good people when they died went there. How they got out of this big ball called the world he did not exactly know and people could not tell him, so he set to work studying the problem. He had many times seen some dots on the side of the hill on the east of the valley. What he saw were the buildings at Camp Douglas, but to him they appeared to be holes in the side of the mountain. These he at least concluded were the gates that opened from earth into heaven. With this discovery he had mastered the whole plan of creation he supposed, or had at least formed a theory of his own regarding it.

He did not know much about what was in heaven, as he could not see through the holes he thought were in the mountain. But he often resolved in his mind that when he grew older he would climb up the hillside and take a peep through and see what was on the other side. He wondered why other people had not thought of such a thing before. But it appeared they did not or else they would have told about it, and he would have heard about their discoveries. Then the thought struck him that he must be a great discoverer himself, or at least soon would be when he climbed up and looked through the holes in the mountain and found out what was beyond.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WE are born to be sociable to one another; therefore either reform the world or bear with it.

THERE are very few who know how to ask questions well, and equally few who know how to answer them.

A MAN must be excessively stupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes there is no virtue except on his own side.

## YOUNG FOLK'S STORIES.

**The Indian Trouble.**

ABOUT August 1st, 1895, trouble arose in Jackson's Hole between the settlers and Indians about killing game. The settlers killed three Indians. That made the Indians angry, and they wanted to fight. The news reached Star Valley that the Indians had killed all the people in Jackson's Hole, and were coming toward Star Valley. Jackson's Hole is about seventy-five miles north of Star Valley, on the north fork of Snake River.

About sundown the news reached us that the Indians were in Strawberry Canyon, and that they would soon be upon us. We were very much frightened, and went to Afton to stay overnight. Some had lodging in the meeting-house. We went to a shingle mill to camp. Beds were made all over the floor of the mill, in all shapes and conditions. In the morning we looked like a lot of tramps, and of course we looked a little shy at each other. Scouts were sent out to find out the truth of the matter. The scouts rode up the canyon where the Indians were supposed to be. All at once an Indian rushed upon them. As soon as he found that he was in the company of armed men, he whirled his horse around, and rode as fast as he could up the canyon.

The scouts sent word that there was a large band of Indians in the canyon, and the people had better gather to Afton for safety. Another rush was made for Afton—old and young, in all kinds of wagons and in all conditions. Boxes, bedding, and provisions were tumbled in all shapes in the wagons, women and children were crying, and the men looked rather pale. The Indians came into the valley, but news was sent us

that all was peace, and we all went home again.

I think twenty-five Indians could have taken us all in. My brother says they would not have had to waste any bullets on him and his sister, for they would have died anyway if they had seen an Indian. Soldiers were sent here. The Indians went back to the reservation, and all is now peaceful.

*Charles Thurman.*

**Muddy Valley.**

THE Muddy Valley is situated in the southern part of Nevada, five miles west of the Rio Virgin. It is about fifteen miles long and three miles wide in its widest place, and its direction is from north-west to south-east.

About twenty-four years ago some fifty families settled here in Overton. They all got down with the chills and fever, and got discouraged and left, considering the valley a bad place. Since then there have not been very many settlers here until within the last two years, during which time they have been coming in.

When people come to this valley to settle they must expect to have a spell of the chills and fever, for they all have to have the malady before they become accustomed to the climate.

Most of the soil in the valley is of a dark color, and will produce all kinds of grain in abundance. In fact, most everything that grows in Utah can be raised here.

We never have snow here, and it hardly ever rains. It has rained but very little during the last four years. The winter is not very cold. The summer is very warm, although a man can work nearly all day long during the warmest weather.

There are three settlements in the val-

ley—St. Joe, Overton, and St. Thomas.

Sometimes the people all go down to the mouth of the Muddy to fish. There are plenty of large carp there, which are very nice to eat

*Willard S. Jones. Age 17.*

OVERTON, LINCOLN CO., NEVADA.

#### Cache County.

IN the golden chain of valleys that lie across the breast of Utah there is no brighter link than Cache. No other valley in the state can show such verdant hills, such sparkling streams and such fertile soil. Nature always smiled on this her favored spot.

Cache County has a length of about fifty miles and an average width of twelve miles. It is about 4200 feet above the level of the sea. Nearly the entire valley is under cultivation, and it is one of the best grain growing regions of the state. The chief industry is agriculture, four-fifths of the people being farmers. It has more acres under cultivation than any other county, and it has been called, and rightly, too, the granary of Utah. Almost every kind of grain, vegetables and fruits are produced. Other industrial pursuits are manufacturing, stock-raising, dairying, lumbering, and mining.

Cache County was first settled in 1859, near the present site of Wellsville, by a company of Saints under the leadership of Peter Maughan. Other settlers soon followed, and since then Cache County has continued to grow and flourish until now it is one of the most beautiful valleys of the west. This valley contains several large rivers, among which are Bear, Logan, Blacksmith's Fork, and Little Bear River. The largest of these is Bear River.

Cache is also noted for its fine scenery. During the summer months people from

all parts of the state come to spend their vacation roaming through the picturesque canyons and in hunting and fishing. At the mouth of Blacksmith's Fork Canyon a fretful, foaming stream comes dancing and leaping down the rocky channel, and the rugged walls rise on both sides to very high peaks. Logan Canyon is also a great pleasure resort, with its clear, dancing streams teeming with fish.

The first and only railroad the county ever had is the Utah Northern, now a part of the Union Pacific system. Cache County has a population of from eighteen to twenty thousand.

The people take great interest in educational matters. They can boast that they have two of the finest institutions of learning which the state affords. These institutions are the Brigham Young Academy and the Agricultural College, both situated at Logan.

*Mary Bishop, Age 16.*

PARADISE, CACHE COUNTY.

#### My Home.

I LIVE in Loa, Wayne County, Utah, but in the summer time we live on a ranch situated in the south-eastern part of Sevier County. It is about eight miles from any neighbors. The house is situated at the foot of the hill, overlooking the pasture. The river which flows through the meadow is the right hand fork of the Fremont River.

We have fine sport riding horses, and tramping over the hills, gathering pine gum and picking berries. One morning my brother and I saw a deer with the saddle horses. We took the gun and went to kill it, but when it saw us coming, it went bounding up the hill into the timber. Another time, when we were going after saddle horses, we saw a coyote in the pasture. It would jump at a young calf, then the mother of the



calf would shake her head and frighten it away. This was done several times, then the coyote ran up the hill into the thick brush and trees.

*John J. Forsyth, Age 14 years.*

#### A REMARKABLE FREAK.

A REMARKABLE freak took possession of a cow belonging to a lady in the old Ontario, a short time since. One morning Peter went to the stable to feed the animals, as usual, but the cow was not there. The door had not been opened, and certainly no one had been in the barn, but an air of mystery at once prevailed, as the bovine had not got out, and she was just as surely not in. After

studying the phenomenon for a time, and the solution being as far off as ever, young Peter heard a gentle "moo-o-o!" but still Bossy was not to be found. Chancing to pass near the stairway while cogitating, Peter looked up, and there at the top of the stairs, looking wistfully down, stood Bossy, wondering how she should get down again. The second problem was much the harder to solve. Peter got the help of several strong men, who, with stay-ropes on her horns, and with much forcible persuasion, managed to get her down the stairs to the floor. Peter says he is going to take in the lightning rod every night now, so the cow cannot climb that.

#### PRAISE.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. H. PETERSEN.

1. With all my soul in joy - ful lays, I'll nev - er cease to sing Thy  
 2. On righteous - ness Thy throne is stayed, On justice its found - a - tion  
 3. For boundless is Thy grace, O Lord, And thou hast mag - ni - fied Thy  
 4. With all my heart I'll praise Thy name, O Lord, and I'll Thy grace pro -

praise, O Lord, and may for - ev - er - more, All na - tions join from  
 laid, Be - fore Thy face, Thy way to show, Shall truth and mer - cy  
 word; Thou heard me when to thee I cried, With light and strength my  
 claim. I'll wor - ship in Thine ho - ly place, and do Thy bid - ding

shore to shore, All na - tions join from shore to shore!  
 ev - er go, Shall truth and mer - cy ev - er go.  
 soul sup - plied, With light and strength my soul sup - plied.  
 all my days, And do Thy bid - ding all my days.

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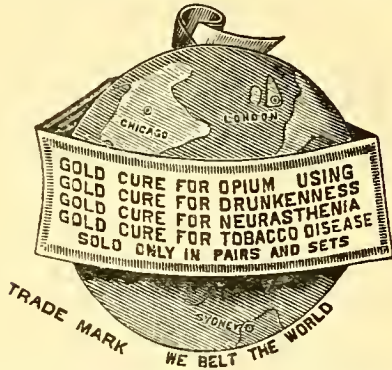
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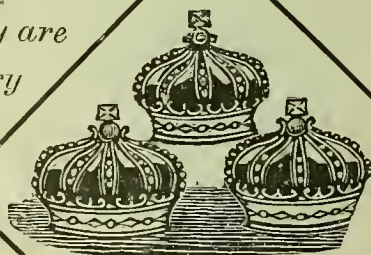
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